

Scena Secunda.

Sound a Sennet. Enter Richard in pompe, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Lovel.

Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.

Buck. My gracious Soueraigne.

Rich. Give me thy hand. Sound.

Thus high, by thy aduice, and thy assistance,

Is King Richard seated:

But shall we weare these Glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them?

Buck. Still liue they, and for euer let them last.

Rich. Ah Buckingham, now doe I play the Touch,

To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed:

Young Edward liues, thinke now what I would speake.

Buck. Say on my louing Lord.

Rich. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Buck. Why to you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.

Rich. Ha? am I King? tis so: but Edward liues.

Buck. True, Noble Prince.

Rich. O bitter consequence!

That Edward still should liue true Noble Prince.

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plaine? I wish the Bastards dead,

And I would haue it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speake suddenly, be briefe.

Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:

Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye?

Buck. Give me some litle breath, some pawle, deare Lord,

Before I positiuely speake in this:

I will resolute you herein presently. Exit Buck.

Catesby. The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe.

Rich. I will conuerse with Iron-witted Fooles,

And vnrespective Boyes: none are for me,

That looke into me with considerate eyes,

High-reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.

Boy.

Page. My Lord.

Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold Will tempt vnto a close exploit of Death?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,

Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie spirit:

Gold were as good as twentie Orators,

And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.

Rich. What is his Name?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is Tyrrell.

Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither, Boy. Exit.

The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,

No more shall be the neighbor to my counsailes.

Hath he so long held out with me, vntry'd,

And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the newes?

Stanley. Know my louing Lord, the Marquesse Dorset

As I heare, is fled to Richmond,

In the parts where he abides.

Rich. Come hither Catesby, rumor it abroad,

That Anne my Wife is very grieuous sicke,

I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence Daughter:

The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him.

Looke how thou dream'st: I say againe, giue out,

That Anne, my Queene, is sicke, and like to dye.

About it, for it stands me much vpon

To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me,

I must be married to my Brothers Daughter,

Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse:

Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,

Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in

So farre in blood, that sinne will pluck on sinne,

Teare-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name Tyrrel?

Tyr. Iames Tyrrel, and your most obedient subiect.

Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tyr. Proue me, my gracious Lord.

Rich. Dar'st thou resolute to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you:

But I had rather kill two enemies.

Rich. Why then thou hast it: two deepe enemies,

Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbers,

Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:

Tyrrel, I meane those Bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,

And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.

Rich. Thou sing'st sweet Musique:

Hearke, come hither Tyrrel,

Goe by this token: rise, and lend thine Eare, *Whisper.*

There is no more but so: say it is done,

And I will loue thee, and preferre thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. *Exit.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I haue consider'd in my minde,

The late request that you did sound me in.

Rich. Well, let that rest: Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I heare the newes, my Lord.

Rich. Stanley, hee is your Wiues Sonne: well, looke

vnto it.

Buck. My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promise,

For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd,

Th' Earldome of Hertford, and the moueables,

Which you haue promised I shall possesse.

Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife: if she conuey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What sayes your Highnesse to my iust request?

Rich. I doe remember me, Henry the Sixt

Did prophesie, that Richmond should be King,

When Richmond was a little peeuish Boy.

A King perhaps.

Buck. May it please you to resolute me in my suit.

Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*

Buck. And is it thus? repayes he my deepe seruice

With such contempt? made I him King for this?

O let me thinke on Hastings, and be gone

To Brecknock, while my fearefull Head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,

The most arch deed of pittious massacre

That

Scena Tertia.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Heere in these Confinnes slyly haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction, am I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will proue as bitter, blacke, and Tragicall.
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes heere?

Enter Dutchesse and Queene.

Qu. Ah my poore Princes! ah my tender Babes:
My vnblowd Flowres, new appearing sweets:
If yet your gentle soules flye in the Ayre,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your ayery wings,
And heare your mothers Lamentation.

Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right
Hath dim'd your Infant morne, to Aged night.

Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voyce,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,

Edward for Edward, payes a dying debt.

Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flye from such gentle Lambs,

And throw them in the intrayles of the Wolfe?

When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?

Mar. When holy Harry dyed, and my sweet Sonne.

Dut. Dead life, blind sight, poore mortall liuing ghost,

Woes Scene, Worlds shame, Graues due, by life vsurpt,

Breefe abstract and record of tedious dayes,

Rest thy vnrest on Englands lawfull earth,

Vnlawfully made drunke with innocent blood.

Qu. Ah that thou would'st assoone afford a Graue,

As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seate:

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere,

Ah who hath any cause to mourne but wee?

Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,

Giue mine the benefit of signeurie,

And let my greefes frowne on the vpper hand

If sorrow can admit Society.

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:

I had a Husband, till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou had'st an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou had'st a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Dut. I had a Richard too, and thou did'st kill him;

I had a Rutland too, thou hop'st to kill him.

Mar. Thou had'st a Clarence too,

And Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept

A Hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death:

That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood:

That foule defacer of Gods handy worke:

That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping soules:

That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,

Thy wombe let loose to chase vs to our graues.

O vpright, iust, and true-disposing God,

How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre

Prayes